

Earth's Mightiest Fathers

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Summary: Spin-off of Operation Parent Trap. Random one-shots of the men of the Avengers and their kids. Pairings include SteveXNatasha, TonyXPepper, ThorXJane, ClintXBobbie and many others. (suggestions are welcome)

1. Don't Tell Your Mother (Tony & Audrey)

"Daddy!"

Tony Stark looked up from his work to see a little girl with dark red hair and dark eyes running into the lab. Six year-old Audrey Stark. "Monkey!" Tony smiled as he scooped the little redhead into his arms, lovingly kissing her cheek. "What are you doing here?"

"I came to see you," Audrey looked down at her father's work bench to see a black and gold Iron Man gauntlet sitting on the table, a small arc reactor built into the outside of the forearm. Audrey frowned. "Isn't that supposed to go here?" she asked, pointing to her chest.

Tony chuckled. "Usually, but for this new Iron Man, Daddy's trying to add some extra batteries so it'll run longer, fly faster and hit harder."

Audrey smiled. "Cool."

"It would be," Tony sighed as he gently placed his daughter on the ground "if I could get the thing to work without overloading."

"Daddy, will you play with me?"

"Not right now, monkey. Daddy has to finish working." Tony felt a tug on his heartstrings as Audrey pouted. "You know what, it can wait."

It's playtime."

"Yay!"

Tony groaned as his cell phone rang. "Right after this. Hey Cap. What's going on?" As her father talked on the phone, Audrey's attention drifted to the gauntlet on the desk. "Yeah, I'll be at the facility next week. Tuesday at ten o'clock work for you?"

"Daddy."

Tony motioned for her to wait as he continued talking on the phone. "Make sure Thor and Sam are there. I got some new flight patterns I want to go over with them."

"But Daddy."

"Tell Peter I've got a surprise for him. Might finally get him out of his Underoos."

"But Daddy!"

"Yes, Monkey," Tony responded finally "what is it?"

"I fixed it."

Tony glanced back and forth between his daughter's face and the weapon in her hands. "Cap, I'll call you back." Tony quickly hung up the phone and took the gauntlet from Audrey's hands, opening the back panel to look at the gears and wires, all perfectly stripped and set. He walked over to his lab bench and looked at his notes, the unfinished equations now completed in red crayon. "Audrey, how did you know how to do this?"

"My teacher says I'm good with numbers."

Tony glanced at the finished gauntlet curiously. "Monkey, are you sure this is going to work?"

The little girl nodded.

Tony paused, his mind racing. Her teacher had been trying to get a hold of him for a while now. And she was always taking things apart to see how they worked, that's why she was his little Grease Monkey. But could she really-? "Only one way to find out. Audrey, stand back," Tony motioned for his daughter to stand behind him as he strapped the gauntlet to his hand, aiming it at a wooded practice dummy on the other side of the room. "JOCASTA, start filming. This is test five of the Mark fifty-two armor repulsor. Mark in threeâ€¦twoâ€¦one." The billionaire fired a massive blast, the force sending him staggering back as it burst from the palm of his hand. It sent the dummy flying, spinning in the air as it crashed into Tony's Audi, shattering the windshield. "It works. Audrey," Tony gasped as he set his eyes on his daughter, an uncontrollable smile on his face as his eyes blazed with pride. "You're a genius!" Audrey squealed as her father scooped her up in his arms, showering her with kisses. "You're a genius, Monkey! An adorable little genius!"

"Tony! Audrey! I'm home."

"Mommy's home!" Audrey smiled as she hopped out of her father's arm.
"Wait 'till I tell her."

"Audrey, wait!" Tony quickly scooped his little girl into his arms as the color drained from his face, putting on a nervous smile "Audrey, Monkey. Do you remember Mommy's number one rule?"

"Don't play with Daddy's Iron Man toys," she recited.

"That's right. Now technically, you didn't play with Daddy's Iron Man. You just fixed it. But Mommy, she might not like it if she found out. And that might make us fight. Now you don't want Mommy and Daddy to fight, do you?"

Audrey shook her head. "Uh-uh."

"Good. So, what I need you to do is not tell Mommy about this," Tony hefted the gauntlet on his hand "Just for a little while."

Audrey frowned. "You want me to lie?"

"No, not lie," Tony disputed "just, you know, don't tell her about it."

"Like a secret?"

"Exactly!" Tony grinned "a secret. Can you do that, Monkey? Can you keep it a secret?"

Audrey smiled. "Okay Daddy."

"That's my girl." Tony smiled as he gave her a kiss and set her down.
"Now go say hi to mommy. And remember, it's our little secret."

2. Don't Tell Your Mother (Steve & James)

"James. James!" Steve sighed. Where was that kid? He was always disappearing, like a puff of smoke. He got that from his mother. After twenty minutes of searching, Steve finally found him. He was playing in the garage, the ten year-old boy pretending to ride his father's motorcycle, making engine noises as he rocked back in forth. Steve smiled "There you are." James quickly hopped off the bike, a nervous look on his face. Steve chuckled "It's okay. You're not in trouble or anything. I just wanted to let you know it's almost time for dinner. So, you like your old man's bike, huh?"

James smiled and nodded. "Uh-huh. It's cool."

Steve chuckled. "Well, maybe I'll take you for a ride sometime."

James' eye lit up. "Can we go for a ride now? Please, Dad, please?"

"Hey wait a minute." Steve meant taking James in a couple years, not in an hour. He didn't think James would jump at the opportunity so fast. "Son, I'd love to take you for a ride. But if your mother found out," Steve shuddered. They didn't call Natasha the Russian Mama Bear

for nothing. When James first learned to ride a bike, Natasha had him in so much padding, he waddled around like a penguin.

"She's not going to find out. She's in Australia with Uncle Clint." James reminded.

"Well yeah, but,"

"I'll clean up my room," James bargained "I'll eat all my vegetables at dinner. I'll do better at school. Please, Dad. Please, please, please, _please._"

Steve chuckled at the pleading look on James' face, the ten year-old practically bouncing up and down with excitement. Steve could not do this. He was not the cool parent. Natasha had that title well defended. She was always bringing the kids souvenirs from missions, giving them treats, keeping them up way past their bedtimes. Steve was the firm one. Getting them to school, putting them to bed, making sure they washed behind the ears. Yes, Steve was in no way the cool parent. But he could be, for a little whileâ€|

* * *

><p>"WhoooooHooooo!" James cheered as he rode his father's motorcycle, the soldier steering the bike as he sat behind him. Steve smiled at the look on his son's face, the little boy wearing his father's iconic helmet as they rode around through the night. It was just around the Avengers facility, and Steve never went over 35, but for James it was more than enough.<p>

He loved it every second of it. The roar of the bike. The rush of adrenaline. The feel of the wind whipping at his face. It was like he was flying.

* * *

><p>"That was awesome!"<p>

Steve chuckled at the look on his son's face as they pulled back into the parking lot, the ten year-old boy's eyes sparkling as he took off helmet, his entire body buzzing with excitement. "I'm glad you liked it. Maybe I'll teach you how to ride it yourself someday. Now remember, this is our secret. So don't tell your mother."

"Don't tell me what?"

Steve flinched at the sound of his wife's voice, the two assassins standing side by side with their as he turned around. "Nat." Steve gave her a nervous smile, the Black Widow's face set in a Russian Death Glare "I thought you two were in Australia."

"We just got back. Thought we'd surprise everybody. Clint, will you please get my son off that mid-life crisis death trap?" Natasha asked "I need to have a talk with my husband."

"No problem. Come on, Jamie. Let's go."

"Uncle Clint, is Dad in trouble?"

Clint quickly glanced at the rage-filled look on Natasha's face "Oh

yeah."

Steve chuckled nervously as his only two witnesses walked out "Uh, Nat, darling, have I ever told you how cute you are when you're angry?"

Natasha gave her husband a cold smile, her eyes still blazing with fury. "Yes, love. You have. Which is why I'm sure that you'll find these next few minutes absolutely adorable."

3. Don't Tell Your Mother (Steve & Yelena)

"Daddy?"

Steve Rogers was working out late in the gym, taking shots at the body bag like he always did whenever he couldn't sleep. He hadn't even noticed his daughter walk in. She was dressed in soft pink pajamas. Her bouncy blonde curls messy and matted against her face, her hazel green eyes, a perfect copy of her mother's, still partly clouded with sleep. "Yelena," Steve huffed as he stepped away from the bag, slowly unwrapping the tape from his fingers "what are you doing up?"

The nine year-old shrugged. "I couldn't sleep. Can I have some warm milk?".

"Sure Curlytop," Steve placed a guiding hand on his daughter's shoulder as he led her out of the gym "come on, I'll make some for the both of us."

"Can I try?"

Steve frowned. "Try what?"

Yelena pointed to the sandbag behind them "That."

Steve chuckled. "I'll teach you when you're older."

"Why can't I learn now?" Yelena asked.

"Because you're still too young," Steve replied.

"Why?" Yelena asked "James gets to learn."

"James is older than you."

"Only by a year," Yelena disputed "and Azari gets to learn stuff like this and he's the same age as I am."

"It's different with Azari."

"Why? Because he's a boy?"

Steve frowned, the thought his own daughter believed he was discriminating against her wounding him deeply "I didn't say that."

"So why can't I learn?" Yelena repeated.

"What are you two doing up?"

Yelena pouted as her favorite uncle stood in the doorway. "Uncle Bucky, Daddy won't teach me how to fight just I'm a girl."

"Is that what you think?" The Winter Soldier bent down to look his goddaughter in the eye, an amused smile on his face "Sweetheart, that couldn't be further from the truth. You're Daddy's is a big feminist."

"What's a feminist?" Yelena asked, careful not to butcher to the last word.

"It means that your Daddy believes that girls can do anything a boy can do."

"So why won't he teach me how to fight?"

"That's easy. Your mother."

"Huh?"

"Your Mama loves very much," Bucky elaborated "and she wants you to stay a little girl as long as you can. Because she had to grow up real fast."

"Which is why I'm going to be stuck sleeping on the couch until Yelena goes to college," Steve confirmed "and that's a best case scenario."

"Only if you get caught."

Steve recognized that tone. It was same one Bucky used to get him on the Cyclone at Coney Island "Buckâ€|"

"You can teach me right now!" Yelena realized "Mama's sleeping upstairs. All we have to do is keep it a secret!"

"Gee, Yelena. That's a great idea," Bucky praised, pretending not to have already thought of it.

"No. No way!" Steve shook his head as he started pacing around "I tried to be the cool parent. I learned my lesson. When Nat found out I took James on my motorcycle-,"

Yelena gasped. "You took James on your motorcycle?"

Steve groaned. "My point is that I'm still on thin ice. I do this, and she's going to mount my head on the wall. I sorry, but I just-,"

"Please, daddy?" Steve felt his heart twist up in knots as his daughter gave him a pleading glance, the same one Natasha used whenever she wanted something. Completely irresistible.

Steve sighed. "Buck, lock the door," The Winter Soldier gave the little girl a wink as Steve led her over to the heavy bag "Let's start with your stance." The soldier gently placed his hands on his daughter's hips, guiding her to move her legs. "Keep your feet shoulder-width apart. And your hands need to be here," Steve showed

him the form as he brought his hands next to his head "Keep yours fists at eye level. Always remember that. Now, the most essential of all punches is the jab. That's a simple straight punch," Steve explained, displaying the move in slow motion. "Now, you try." Yelena took a deep as she nodded in agreement, hitting the bag as hard as she could.

"Rotate your hips," Bucky criticized "the real power comes the hips, not the arms. Put your whole body into the punch."

Nodding, Yelena tired again, shifting her hips as swung again, the impact making of her fist making a thud. "Good," Steve praised "okay, let's try that again." It went on like that for about a half hour or so. Steve slowly showing her the basics. Bucky watching her and giving pointers whenever he could. Yelena mimicking her father's moves and following Bucky's suggestions as best she could. The two Howling Commandoes were surprised how fast she caught on. By the time they were done, she was already learning the one-two combo. "That was great, Curlytop," Steve told her "You're a natural."

"I'll say," Bucky agreed.

"It's not that hard. It's kind of like dancing."

"That's how I picked it up so quick."

Steve gulped as he turned around, feeling once again like the scrawny kid he was in Brooklyn when he saw the look in Natasha's eye. "You're awake."

Natasha nodded. "I'm awake. Yelena, it's late. Time to get back to bed."

"But Mama, I want to fight some more."

Steve flinched as he the fire roar in Natasha's eyes. "Not tonight, baby girl. Now go back to bed."

"I'll tuck her in," Bucky offered.

"That's okay, Barnes. Yelena's a big girl. She can tuck herself in," Natasha assured him, her voice pleasant as her eyes remained cold "besides, I need to have a talk with you and your training partner."

As the little girl walked out, Bucky felt a nervous lump grow in his throat. "Hey Steve?"

"Yeah Buck?"

"We're really in for it, aren't we?"

Steve took one look at his wife and shuddered. "You have no idea."

4. Surprise Daddy (Thor and Jane)

Jane continued pacing across the living room of her London flat, anxiously waiting for her husband to return home. As she glanced

nervously at the clock, Darcy called for what felt like the umpteenth time. "Did you tell him?"

Jane sighed. "No Darcy. I haven't told him. Thor still hasn't gotten back."

You want me to come over?"

"No," Jane's voice faltered "Yes."

"I'll be right there."

As soon she hung up the phone, Jane heard the familiar sound of the Bifrost appearing on the balcony outside. "Jane!"

"In here!" Jane smiled as Thor walked in, the Asgardian prince still in his armor. "How was Alfheim?"

Thor kissed his wife and groaned. "Exhausting. I feel as though I could sleep for days."

"Aw, you poor thing. But, before you go into little hibernation," Jane pulled Thor back to his feet as he attempted to lie down on the couch. "There's something I need to tell you. I've been feeling a little under the weather these past few mornings and I've beenâ€|cranky and moody and all over the place. So, I went to the doctor this afternoon and they sayâ€| I'm pregnant."

Jane watched nervously as Thor calculated what she said, his face turning sympathetic. "My poor Jane." Thor quickly scooped her up in his arms, setting Jane on the couch and wrapping her in a blanket. "It's all right. Jane. It's going to be alright." The prince of Asgard hurried into the kitchen, grabbing a kettle and putting Jane's favorite tea on the stove "We will find a way to fix this Jane. And if the doctors of Earth cannot, then the healers of Asgard will."

"Fix this?" Oh God, did he want her to get an abortion?

At the worst possible time, Darcy walked in "Did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him." Jane confirmed, watching Thor bustle around the kitchen making soup "still trying to figure out his reaction."

"Darcy! What are you doing here?" Thor asked.

"I came to help Jane give you the news."

Thor's eyes widened. "You knew about this?"

"I drove her to the doctor."

"Then you know you should not be here," Thor quickly grabbed a towel and pressed it to her face, quickly forcing Darcy toward the door. "I do not want you to catch Jane's pregnant disease."

"Wait, you think I'm-?" Jane could hardly believe it.

Darcy laughed. "You are so clueless."

"Thor," Jane rolled her eyes as she rose from the couch "We need to talk."

"Jane, you need to rest."

"Thor!" Jane struggled as he put her back on the couch "Thor, cut it out! Pregnant doesn't mean I'm sick, it means I'm having a baby!"

The second that final word escaped her lips, Thor stopped dead in his tracks. "You are with child?"

"If that's the Asgardian translation for pregnant then, yeah."

Thor glanced down at her stomach as a hopeful smile spread across his face. "My child?"

Jane rolled her eyes as she gave him an amused smile. "Well, you're my husband, and the man that I adore, and there's the fact that I haven't been with anyone else since Convergence. So yes, I'm pretty sure that you're the fath-," Jane's words were cut off when Thor smashed his lips against hers.

When the kiss ended, Thor had a massive grin on his face. "My dearly beloved Jane," he whispered "you have made me the happiest man in all of the Nine Realms!"

Jane yelped as Thor effortlessly lifted her up into the air and spun her around "Now this is the kind of response I was hoping for," she laughed.

"We must celebrate," Thor insisted, carrying his wife on the balcony in bridal fashion "We must tell the others."

"Now?"

"Right now. Hiemdall, the Bifrost!" Thor shouted.

* * *

><p>Before Jane could even voice her concerns of the Bifrost affecting the baby, she and Thor were already standing in the edge of Asgard, the kingdom's watchman smiling before them "Congratulations. Shall I alert the royal court, my prince?"<p>

"Absolutely, my friend," Thor responded "But first, I must share this news with Avengers. Can you direct the direct the Bifrost to the facility?"

"It will be my pleasure."

"Thor wait," Jane paused on briefly as he kissed her once again and took her in his arms "Thor, wait a second. I don't think this good for the baby!"

* * *

><p>"Rogers!"<p>

Steve barely had time to turn around before the god of thunder trapped him inside a massive bear hug. "Nice to see you too, Thor," he groaned.

"Well look who's here. Prince Hammer Tiiiime!" Tony wheezed as Thor squeezed the air out of him in a matter of seconds, the billionaire's feet dangling just off the ground.

"My friends," Thor wouldn't stop smiling "this is a wondrous day. I daresay I have not known true joy until now."

"Glad to hear it," Tony gasped "You mind cluing the rest of us without trying to kill us with hugs?"

Thor's already massive grin widened. "Jane is with child." Avengers cheered as they congratulated their teammate, clapping Thor on the back while showering Jane with hugs "A great banquet is being prepared in the Great hall of Asgard," Thor announced "and my heart would be filled with great joy if you all could attend."

"Party at Asgard? I'm in," Tony confirmed.

"We'll all be there," Steve replied.

"Then follow me my friends," Thor the Avengers outside "for Asgard awaits."

"Wait, we're going now?" Tony frowned "I don't even have my party clothes."

"You will be dressed in the finest of Asgardian robes."

"Oh in that case let's do it," Tony let out an excited shout as he psyched himself up "It's party time!"

* * *

><p>When word got out that Thor was bringing the Avengers, needless to say that it caused some controversy. Asgard had little contact with Earth since the Viking days, and even then they were reluctant to bring them into their sacred home. But few minutes into the party, the Avengers felt right at home. Tony could drink with the best of them. Clint impressed all the archers in games of marksmanship. Steve taught the infantrymen some basic shield throws. Natasha and Bobbi traded skills with Sif and the other female warriors. Wanda impressed the mages with their powers. But Bruce was real treasure.<p>

The second they knew the Hulk was there, the women swarmed him, tugging at his clothes and bringing him food and drink. "Thor, why are the ladies going after Banner like a bunch of twelve year-olds at a Bieber concert?" Tony asked.

"I told them that the Hulk was the most ferocious being on all of Midgard and had yet to meet a woman that could satisfy him," the Asgardian replied casually.

Tony blinked. "Thor, you are the ultimate wingman." The billionaire then proceeded to toss an empty chalice from the table in the air and blasting it to pieces with his repulsor. "Whoo! I love this place. It's like the ultimate frat party!"

"Nat, give it back."

Natasha kept her boyfriend at arm's length as he struggled to reach the mug of Asgardian mead in her hand. "Not a chance, Rogers. You're drunk."

"I'm not drunk," Steve insisted his face red and his speech slurred as a small hiccup escaped his lips "I haven't been drunk since 1939." The soldier chuckled as Natasha kept him from stumbling, giving her a lopsided smile. "You look incredible in this dress," he whispered, a lustful gleam in his eye as he complemented her flowing, form-fitting Asgardian gown.

Natasha pushed him away gently as he leaned in for a kiss. "If I see you take so much as another sip of booze, you will not be getting any Fondue for a week. Do you hear me, soldier?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Even Cap's hammered! I love it!" Tony staggered as he grabbed a bottle from the table and took a swig. "You've been holding out us, buddy. Anyway, I got to go. I promised Fandral I'd introduce him and the ladies to body shots." And with a shout, he was off.

Jane laughed. "If you guys party this hard just at the mention of a baby, what are you going to when it's born?"

"There will be a great celebration," Thor promised "one that reach to the farthest corners of Asgard."

"You Asgardians sure like to party."

Thor smiled as he took Jane's hand and kissed it. "We Asgardians believe in celebrating all of life's gifts. And I can think of no greater gift than the one you have given me." Thor placed a gentle hand on her stomach "I cannot wait for our child to be born."

Jane smiled. "Neither can I."

5. Baby's First Steps (Steve and James)

"Come on, baby. Come to Mama." 16 month old James Rogers smiled as he crawled over to his mother. "No, James, walk." Natasha sighed as she took the toddler in her arms and set him down in her lap. "Why won't you walk?" James' response was pressing his open mouth to his mother's cheek, the baby's best attempt at a kiss. Natasha laughed. "Well, either way, you'll always be Mama's special boy."

"Is the little one walking yet?" Wanda asked as she walked in.

"Not even a little. I can't even get him to try."

James' eyes wandered to the window, where Steve was leading the Avengers on a run. "Dada."

Natasha looked down at her son and smiled. "What, baby? You want to go see Daddy?"

James clapped his hands in response. "Dada. Dada."

Natasha laughed "Okay, okay James. Let's go see Daddy." The Black Widow took her son in her arms as she and Wanda walked outside.

Steve was standing in front of Sam, Clint, Rhodey and Scott on the track, the soldier's arms crossed against his chest as the others bent over gasping for breath. Scott wheezed. "Is heâ€¦ tryingâ€¦ to kill us?"

"Almost done guys." Steve complemented "Only five more laps."

"Five?" Clint collapsed on the ground. "FYI Rogers, not all of us are super soldiers."

Steve gave the others a disappointed look as a blur whizzed past. "That doesn't seem to be stopping Pietro. And he's still got fifty laps."

"Thirty-two," He corrected as he blew past them.

"You whipping them back into shape, love?"

Steve turned around to his wife and smiled. "Best I can." Steve gave Natasha a gentle kiss on the cheek and turned his attention to his son "how's the walking lessons going?"

"Not so good," Natasha huffed as she set James on the ground, the baby crawling around as he attempted to catch a butterfly. "I can't even get him to try."

"Give it time. I keep telling you, he'll walk when he's ready." Steve turned his attention back to the gasping Avengers, quickly going back into drill sergeant mode "Alright, boys. Break's over. Fifty push-ups! On the double."

Natasha rolled her eyes as the Avengers reluctantly followed the captain's orders, her eyes drifting to James as he crawled over to the track and stood up "Oh my God."

"Come on boys," Steve barked as the others did their push-ups "my kid could go faster than this, and he's barely a year-old."

"Steve."

"Lang! Keep that back straight. Barton, all the way down."

"Steve, look!"

The soldier whipped his head around at the sound of his wife's voice, his eyes widening as he saw a remarkable sight: James standing on his own two feet, taking tiny, tentative steps with his arms out in front of him. Steve gasped, a smile quickly spreading across his face. "He's walking."

Natasha watched in amazement, tears of joy in her eyes as she laughed "He's walking, Steve. He's really walking."

"Come on, buddy," Steve bent down his son's level and stretched out his arms. "Come, on James. You can do it."

"Come on, baby," Natasha encouraged "walk to Daddy. You can do it."

The baby boy continued to his nervous approach to his father, his walk becoming faster and more self-assured with every step. Soon James was moving with a steady pace, stumbling just for a moment as he walked into his father's arms. Steve laughed as hugged James tightly, Natasha running beside them and showing her son with kisses. "He did it!"

"I've been trying to get him to walk to for weeks," Natasha laughed "Why'd he start now?"

Wanda's eyes flashed red as she peered into the baby's mind, her eyes widening as she burst into laughter. "Walking circle."

"What?"

"The track," Wanda laughed. "He thinks it's where you practice walking."

Steve laughed. "What?"

"That's why he never tried inside the house."

"Why would he think that?" Natasha chuckled.

"Because he sees his papa running around here every morning," Wanda told them.

As if to prove a point, James started wiggling around in his father's arms, ready to practice some more. "You want to do some laps, buddy?" Steve set his son down on the ground, the baby taking off as soon as his feet hit the ground. Steve chuckled as James passed the Avengers struggling to finish their push-ups. "You see that boys? Even my kid runs faster than you!"

Natasha jumped as Pietro encouraged James to follow him, the baby stumbling as he struggled to keep up with the speedy Avenger "My baby."

"It's okay, Nat," Steve kept a cautionary arm on his wife as they watched their son react in true Rogers fashion, picking himself up and starting again.

"Come on, little fella," The baby laughed as Pietro continued to encourage him, stopping for a moment taking off and completing another lap in the blink of an eye "You've got to be faster that."

Just you wait Uncle Pietro, James thought. _Soon I'm going to be faster than you._

End
file.